





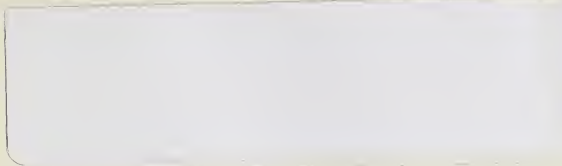
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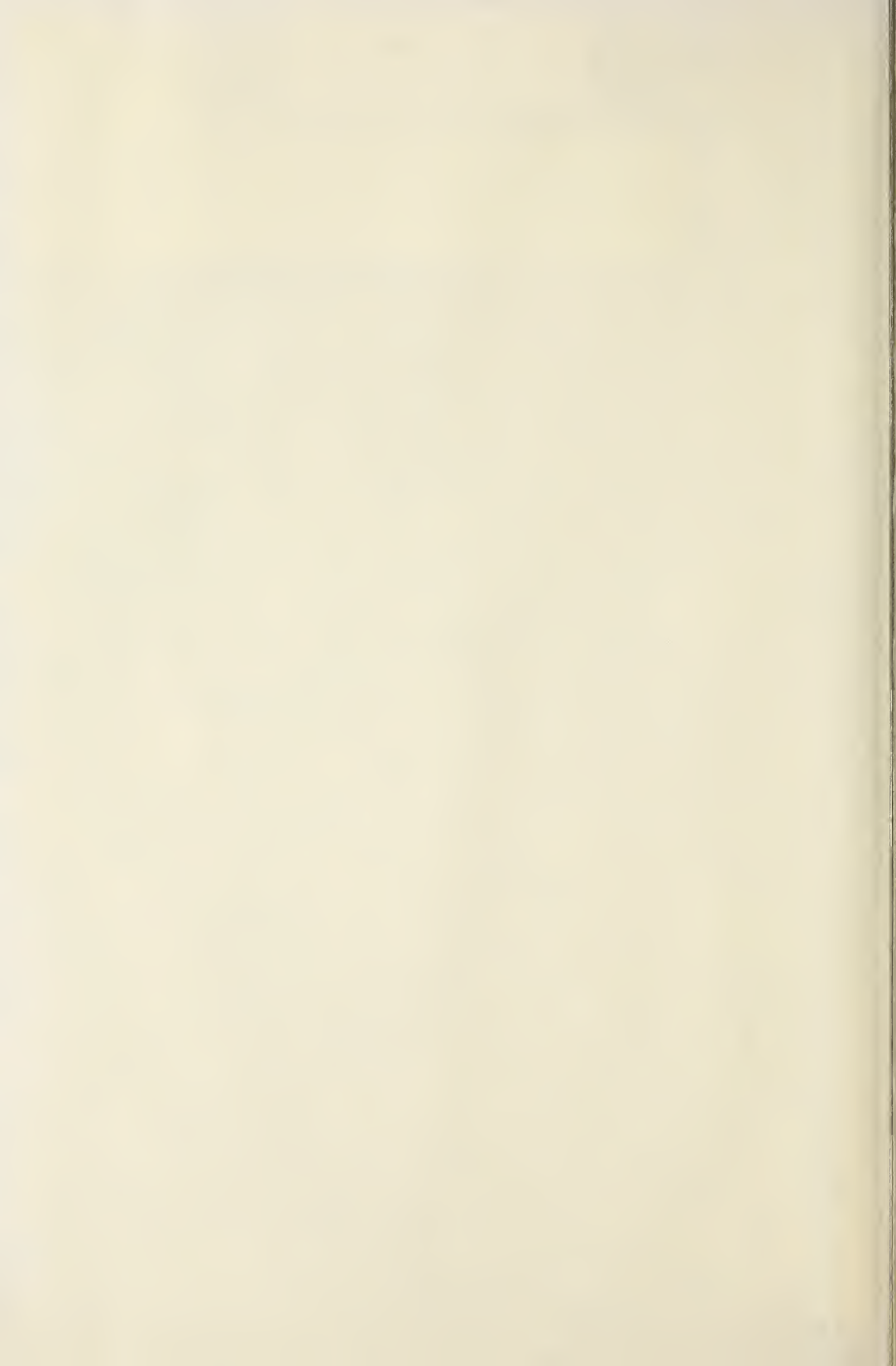


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# Niagara Historical Society

NO. 31

Letters of 1812

Brock's Monument, 1840

Katherina Haideen

Appreciation of Lt. W. J. Wright, M.A.

Emigrants of 1847 in Niagara

U. E. Loyalists

Inscriptions

PRICE 25 CENTS

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## PREFACE

In offering our thirty-first publication we bespeak for it as kind a welcome as has been extended to previous pamphlets. We offer apologies for the long delay in its appearance caused as is so often said by "circumstances over which we had no control." We are indebted to many persons for the contents, to General Cruikshank, who has so often assisted us; to Mr. Murphy of Ottawa; to Mrs. Wilkinson of New York; to Mr. Parnell, M.P.P. and Mr. Dwyer of St. Catharines for inscriptions; to Miss L. M. Oliver for contents of a little memorandum book of the Board of Health, which she rescued from destruction in the town papers; to Mr. W. E. Lyall, the town clerk for permission to copy the town records, relating to the emigrants of 1847, an almost forgotten episode. The tribute to Lt. W. J. Wright was written in sadness at the loss of a dear friend and yet in pride at his achievements in so nobly giving his life for his country.



**PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA—MILITARY PAPERS**

SERIES C., VOLUME 14, Pp. 130-1.

**Supplied by General Cruikshank**

Fort George, December 22, 1803.

Sir—

I have the honor to inform you that in consequence of receiving intelligence of the arrival at Newark of a young man, who was suspected of being a Frenchman, I thought necessary to question him on the subject and found that he was born at St. Domingo, and had come into this country as Clerk to a Mr. Wilson. This gentleman it appears is an Englishman, but has been for a long time employed by the Americans as a Commissary or in some such office. Three of his clerks have come in here in charge of a large assortment of goods with which he proposes establishing a store at this place, Presquile and Detroit. Houmon of whom I wish to speak is one of these. His Excellency will naturally believe from what I have said that I entertain no great apprehension in regard to any mischief this young man could commit but notwithstanding I considered it my duty to call on the Magistrates to summon this foreigner before them in order that his real object for coming to this country might be formally investigated in the hope some slight restraint might be put to his going at large until he obtained His Excellency's permission. This was done on my part with a view of convincing all Frenchmen they were liable to interruption in case they presumed to enter the province without a regular passport. I was, however, greatly disappointed by being told by Messrs. Hamilton, Kerr and Edwards that no power rested with them to summon a stranger of whatever nation he might belong, unless accused of a specific charge in breach of the law. This doctrine which appears to me so very strange, that I think it my duty to lay before His Excellency that he may know the sentiment of the principal magistrates in regard to a point which I cannot avoid considering at this juncture of the utmost importance.

These gentlemen say that since the expiration of the Alien Bill, there is no law which authorizes a Magistrate to take cognizance much less to obstruct a Frenchman coming into this country.

I have the honor to be  
Sir, your most obedient, and  
very humble Servant,  
**Isaac Brock, Lt. Col.**  
Commandg.

I have inadvertently turned this sheet but as time will not permit my copying it, have the goodness to excuse the accident.

Major Green,  
Military Secretary.

(The entire letter is in Brock's own handwriting).

**PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA—MILITARY PAPERS**

SERIES C., VOLUME 14, Pp. 132-3.  
Fort George, December 31st, 1803.

Sir:—

In consequence of the directions contained in your letter of the 28th instant, the Frenchman, **Simon Hamot**, and not Houmon, as I first wrote it, has been directed to quit the province. It now appears from his **own** confession that he was born in France which he denied the first time he was interrogated, but pretended to be a native of St. Domingo.

I beg leave here to acknowledge the receipt of your confidential letter of the same date. I have been some time prepared to guard against any mischief which the arrival of the person to whom it alludes might create in consequence of being apprized by an American gentleman, that he heard him express a strong wish of viewing the falls of Niagara before he took his departure for Europe, I have adopted such measures as will ensure my receiving the earliest notice of his arrival on the opposite side. I, however, thought it unlikely that he would at this time undertake so long a journey which made me less anxious to mention the information I had received to you.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your obedient and Humble Servant,  
**Isaac Brock, Lt. Col.**

Major Green,  
&c., &c.

Endorsed:

Dec. 31st.

Colonel Brock.

Rec'd at York, 4th January, 1804.

Simon Hamot, a Frenchman  
has been ordered to quit the  
Province.

has taken steps to receive  
the earliest intelligence  
from the American side  
should J. Bonaparte arrive



there having signified to  
 an American gentleman  
 strong desire to see the Falls  
 of Niagara before his  
 return to Europe.

(The entire letter is in Brock's own handwriting).

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**PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA—MILITARY PAPERS**

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SERIES C., VOLUME 14, Pp. 164-5.

Copy.

Fort George, 15th September, 1808.

Sir:—

I have the honor to acknowledge your letter of the 1st September, which indisposition has prevented my doing sooner. I answer I have to acquaint you for the information of His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, that the French General Moreau was neither apprehended nor liberated by me. He arrived at the Inn at Newark in the evening of the 27th Ultimo, where he remained to the best of my information until the morning of the 28th, when I saw him and informed him that not having the sanction of His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor, he could not remain in the Province. He then acquainted me of his intention to leave the province immediately by the same route he had entered it, which I understand he did without loss of time. On my having asked him whether he had any passport he acquainted me that he had sent from Buffalo to the magistrate at Fort Erie to know if there was any objection to his entering the Province, whose answer was that he knew of none. General Moreau, I understand, was apprehended and liberated by Colonel Clinch, not having any authority to interrogate him or others concerned, I must beg leave to refer you to him for the particulars of the General's apprehension, &c.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

your most obedient  
 humble Servant,

**Henry Proctor,**

Lt. Colonel, 41st Regt.  
 Comg.

Colonel Shaw,  
 &c., &c., &c.  
 York.

## NOVA SCOTIA STATE PAPERS

(Volume 148, Pp. 88-90)

Extract of a Letter From Fort George, Dated 14th October,  
1812

“His Majesty’s arms gained a complete victory over those of the United States yesterday in a very brilliant affair which lasted from break of day until half past two p.m. The enemy had landed a considerable body of men under the mountain at Queenston in the night which had not been perceived by our troops until a short time before daylight, when by a spirited fire upon their boats, we succeeded in destroying four of them and a scow full of troops. Many were drowned and the rest of that party surrendered. By this time intelligence was received of their actual landing; directions were left to destroy (Fort) Niagara and a party advanced with 2 six pounders and a howitzer. On reaching Queenston, the enemy were found in possession of that place, the town evacuated by our troops and our dear brave General Brock killed, and in their possession. No time was to be lost, the party dashed forward, and in less than an hour, dislodged the enemy from the town and forced him to the summit of the mountain. We maintained the fire of 2 mortars, 4 eighteen pounders and 2 six pounders from their side of the river. Their mortars and six pounders were silenced three different times but the 18 pounder battery, on the summit of the mountain was out of range. Owing to our fire the enemy was in a great degree prevented from reinforcing his strength though not altogether as they occasionally pushed over boats filled with troops. We kept our ground the whole day and as their left flank was attacked by the Indians and supported by the regulars and militia, their right was kept in check, and they soon were obliged to abandon their six pounder which fell into our hands. A severe engagement becoming general on the mountain, a brisk fire was kept up of **spherical case** which threw them into confusion, and at that moment the Indians gave a screech, and we returning it with three cheers, they took to their heels, and soon were paid for their temerity; as they descended to reach their boats, shrapnels were poured into them.

“An officer with two epaulettes held up his pocket handkerchief. We received him just in time to save from the Indians. He was second in command, his name Colonel Scott, of the 2nd Regt of Artillery. Gen. Wadsworth also

was taken, and in fact all their army, killed, wounded and prisoners.

"The men in our batteries behaved well, particularly acting Sergt. Ellerton, and bombdr Robinson as did bombdr Phernerson, on the mountain. Gunner Birch was killed, Hunt badly wounded, and Gunner Grainger had his leg shot off by an 18 pounder shot. A Captain of Militia was of much service in the batteries.

"We have upwards of 800 prisoners and the killed and wounded of the enemy may be estimated at 350. Our loss is very small in comparison, in killed, Indians 6, 41st Regt. 2, 49th about 9, the loss of the Militia not yet known.

"Our spherical case was of great use. Captain Vigoureux of the engineers volunteered his services and commanded one of the batteries against the enemy's fort; he succeeded in silencing them and dismounting one gun. The enemy fired hot shot from their fort, which consumed the courthouse and a tanner's house in the town, and struck the roof of our magazine in the fort, which took fire, but was soon put out."

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(A. 148, Pp. 91-5)

### THE QUEBEC MERCURY, OCTOBER 27TH, 1812

(Extract of a letter from Upper Canada, dated Brown's Point, Niagara, 15th October, 1812.)

"I little expected when I last wrote to you that I should now be able to give you an account of an engagement which though it terminated in our favor, we shall ever have to lament. Our loss, though small in point of number, is of the most important kind. We have to deplore the loss of your beloved General and gallant Aid-de-Camp Col. MacDonald. Gen. Brock to whom no language is capable of giving the merited praise, fell in the beginning of the action, having received a shot in his breast. The York Volunteers to whom he was particularly partial have the honor of claiming his last words, immediately before he received his death wound, he cried out to some person near him to push on the York Volunteers, which were the last words he uttered. Having said so much on the subject, which cannot fail to call forth the regret of every individual in the Canadas, I think it is now time to give you some account of the engagement. At four o'clock in the morning of the 31st inst. the Americans were seen attempting to cross the river at Queenston and immediately a fire commenced upon them from our batteries which did great execution. The Americans, however, pushed forward and



succeeded in making a landing, though their loss was immense. In several boats all were killed but two or three men. In the meantime while the party was so warmly opposed by the grenadiers of the 49th and some companies of militia, a large body of Americans landed immediately under the face of the mountain without being discovered and 4 boats having pushed off from Lewis Town with troops, the 49th light company, who were advantageously posted on the mountain to oppose the Americans in case they attempted to take possession of it, were called down by the bugle to oppose the landing of those in the boats. When the Americans discovered the 49th going down the hill they immediately ascended the cliffs and took one of our batteries which fortunately for us, they found could not be turned against the town. They then took possession of the top of the mountain and a part of the 49th flankers and part of the workers were ordered to go up the mountain and attack the enemy in flank if possible. Captain Cameron, J. Robinson, Stanton, and myself immediately proceeded under a most galling fire with part of our men to the top of the mountain where we found Capt. Williams of the 49th with some of his men. We immediately formed (about seventy in number) to charge the enemy, exposed at the same time to a sharp fire from them after forming and advancing a little distance we found that the enemy had posted themselves behind trees so that a charge would have very little effect upon them. We then separated and each man posting himself behind a tree we kept up a smart fire upon them for some time. Col. McDonall, who had joined us on horse back when forming for the charge in the act of encouraging the men, was shot from his horse and not long after Capt. Williams received a wound in the head. I was at that time within about ten yards of them, and I supposed they were both killed. I was glad however, to see them get up in a short time and discovered just they were wounded.

"Col. McDonall's horse was first wounded, and in his pain, he wheeled and his gallant rider was shot in the back. When he was wounded and could be of no further service, he of course, thought it prudent to retire to a place of safety. Capt. Cameron assisted him along for some distance and while helping him a ball grazed his arm and gave him so much pain he supposed himself wounded. Mr. McDonall then let go Mr. Cameron and ran to where I was, he then called out to me **help me**. I immediately gave him my arm and after proceeding a few paces, while thousands of balls whistled around us I received one in the thigh. Mr. Cameron who found that it was only a bruise which he had received just then

came up and assisted Col. McDonall down the mountain. He lived till yesterday morning in the most excruciating pain. His remains are to be interred to-morrow in the same grave with Gen. Brock. If ever honor belonged to mortals, these valiant, these gallant heroes have it in abundance. They died fighting gloriously in an honorable cause, but still to Canada their deaths are an irreparable loss. The Americans now got possession of the mountain and remained quietly there for some time but General Sheaffe arriving from Niagara with a detachment of the 41st of about three hundred men, some militia and about two hundred and fifty Indians and being joined by all that we could collect of the troops that even previously engaged, in all not exceeding 800 they ascended the mountain some distance to the right of the Americans, who were now in great numbers on the top.

"The Indians being most active in climbing up, first came in contact with the enemy and drove him before them for some distance. The Americans however soon rallied and drove the Indians in their turn. Our troops coming up at the same time opened so good a fire upon the enemy, that they were again obliged to retire. They were immediately pursued by the Indians and our force shouting and hollowing as loud as they could. The Americans now gave way on all sides, some attempted to swim across the river, who were drowned or killed by our shot. A white flag was immediately hoisted by the Americans and they surrendered prisoners of war.

(We are indebted to General Cruikshank for the preceding documents. In the description of the battle of Queenston Heights certain statements do not agree with other accounts familiar to us, but these discrepancies show us that the point of view makes the difference as we often see in ordinary life and really add to the value of the records, agreeing in the main points but different in some small particulars and do not discredit the narration. The words attributed to General Brock "Push on York Volunteers," it is said in one narrative were used when passing "Brown's Point" where were stationed some of the York Company. In another that they were the last words of Brock when ascending the hill. The account in the Kingston Gazette written on 14th October is believed to have been given by Chief Justice Robinson, who was present does not use the words, but says "he waved his hand to us and desired us to follow with expedition." The letter from the Quebec Mercury supposed to have been written by Lieut. McLean gives the phrase as his last words,



but another account lately found gives a different version. A small paper published in Niagara by James Durand called the "Bee" of which perhaps only one or two copies exist has come to light in a strange way. The article written 14th October, 1812, and published in the "Bee" was republished in the Niagara Mail, and a copy which had been pasted in the inside lid of a chest was rescued by two enthusiastic young ladies but somewhat torn. The statement there is that on being wounded he said "Push on, do not mind me." So that both statements may be correct. A proof that the phrase was well known and believed at the time may be found in our Historical Building in the form of a photograph of a sampler by Mrs. Denison, nee Lippencott, in memory of General Brock made in 1812 with the words "Push on York Volunteers." The date of battle given as 31st is of course 13th.—*Ed. J. C.*).

### **BROCK'S MONUMENT, 1824, 1840, 1853**

In number four of the pamphlets of the Historical Society, is an address given by the Hon. J. G. Currie on Queenston Heights, May 24th., 1898, in which after giving a very vivid word picture of the battle, he gives a personal recollection of the blowing up of the monument of 1824, on April 13th., 1840 and of what was called the "Indignation meeting" on June 30th, 1840, and gives a very interesting incident of that day, of which a very remarkable confirmation was given me in Ottawa by a son of the hero of the day, referred to by him.

After telling of the procession of steamers up the river, of the crowds of spectators, of the speeches made, he went on to tell of a lad from the "Traveller" who, while the speeches were going on, began to climb up the lightning rod of the monument, of how the spectators in breathless astonishment and fear watched his progress. No one knew what strain the rod would stand nor whether the shattered monument might fall at any moment. However, he reached the top, took a ball of string from his pocket, let it down for a stronger one to which was attached a Union Jack. Then a tremendous cheer rent the air as it floated to the breeze and when he reached the ground a hat filled with coins was given to him.

When in Ottawa, attending a meeting of the Royal Society in 1913, my nephew who had read the account of this incident in one of our pamphlets said "Why there is a man here in the same building with me who tells that story almost exactly, and says it was his father, who climbed the lightning rod and placed the flag. Of course I was interested and an interview was arranged and Mr. Murphy was kind enough

to write out for me his recollections of his father's story and this follows.

It may be told here that the flag was for sometime in the possession of our Historical Society loaned to us by Mr. G. W. H. Comer of the Customs in Kingston, who has promised that it is to be given to us finally as our property. It had been obtained by Mr. Comer's father of the Commissariat Department, a very enthusiastic, retired, military officer, who lived in Niagara for many years.

The reference in Mr. Murphy's story to the crowds to be seen at Lewiston, probably refers to a group of the Hunters' Lodges who had assembled there. These Lodges had been formed in many states of the Union and were intended to invade Canada. His idea at any rate was that they were antagonistic.

The first monument was erected in 1824 by the Government, and on the 13th October, a grand procession proceeded from Fort George where the body had lain for twelve years. This monument was injured by an explosion of gunpowder by Benjamin Lett, who had taken a part in the Rebellion of 1837-8 and had fled across the border. The meeting of which Mr. J. A. Murphy tells was attended by thousands from the vicinity and it was determined to erect a finer monument by contributions from the people, the military, the Indians. The deficiency was supplemented by a grant from Parliament and on 13th October 1853, the corner stone was laid. It is believed that no finer monument on so fine a site exists, as the prospect commanded is truly magnificent of river, lake and plain. A curious mistake was made in the inscription at the entrance to the monument to which I have previously drawn attention. On the tablet inside it is said that this monument is erected to replace the monument destroyed in 1840 which is the correct date but on the tablet outside it is said this monument is erected to replace the monument destroyed in 1838. And this has remained in enduring brass for over sixty years. But the committee were careful to have all their names and titles correctly given.

**Janet Carnochan.**

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### STATEMENT OF MR. J. A. MURPHY

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Matthew Murphy was born in Portarlington, King's County, Ireland, in 1816 and six years later came to Canada with his parents, the family settling in Bytown in 1828. He was about 21 years old when the great patriotic convention at Queenston Heights drew him with many thousands of

loyal Canadians to assemble at the foot of Brock's monument for the purpose of demonstrating their patriotism.

The winding stair, in the interior of the monument had been demolished by a charge of gunpowder fired by a Fenian with intent to destroy the entire structure, but it left the inside of it "as clean as a gun barrel," damaging the masonry very little. Standing at the foot of the monument, it was no passing emotion that urged the young Irishman to risk his life for popular applause, but he seized the opportunity to prove his devotion to the flag he loved. His words were, "I'll put the British colors on the top, or die in the attempt, before any foreigner will do it." But the foreigner was there, a man from Buffalo, whom the committee, it was said, had consulted with previously. With the aid of a pair of hand vices he succeeded in climbing the lightning rod about 20 feet; then he came down and retired with an excuse about lacking support for his feet. Then the Irish lad called for 30 fathoms of twine, one end of which he attached to his suspenders—these, with his shirt and trousers, being his only apparel. The staples which held the rod were loose in many places, particularly at a point 150 feet from the ground, where a 12 ft. platform extended out all around the monument. Once over the edge of this, he climbed the balustrade and ascended the remaining 15 feet easily. The flagstaff leaned, refusing to stand erect; he called for chips with which to wedge it, but his loudest shout was unintelligible to the crowd below. Signs were understood however, and the chips were sent up attached to a small rope which had been drawn up by means of the twine. In the same way the flag was hoisted, and soon its glowing colors were greeted with ringing cheers from the thousands below. While on the top, Mr. Murphy could see what he believed to be a counter demonstration or a rallying of troops on the American side of the river, near Lewiston, but nothing ever came of it. The activity of the Britishers and their kindled enthusiasm made the season inpropitious for further filibustering. The descent of the monument was even more difficult and dangerous than the going up, but it was accomplished in safety. Mr. Murphy afterwards learned that he had travelled all night on a steamer in the next berth to the man whose dastardly act had so nearly destroyed the grand memorial to Brock and British valor.





Lt. W. J. Wright Training at London for Captain's Certificate, 1915



W. J. Wright, M. A., Principal High School, 1905-1908

## AN APPRECIATION OF THE LATE LT. W. J. WRIGHT, M. A.

Read Before the Niagara Historical Society, December, 1917,  
by Janet Carnochan

Our friend, W. J. Wright, a valued member of our Society we shall see no more in this world, but he has gone up higher and we shall always cherish his memory. First I shall speak of him as we knew him here. He came in 1905 as Principal of the Niagara High School where he proved to be a successful teacher, inciting his pupils to research and thoughtful earnest work. While here occurred the Centennial of the High School in 1908 having been founded in 1808 in which he took an active part. We knew him as a member of our society and a paper he read on Lord Durham showed his love of history and grasp of the problems of Canada at that time, but though urged to allow it to be printed his modesty would not allow this. We knew him as a member of our Monday Literary Club, where his keenness in debate was a pleasure to us all. And now we know of him as a patriot who resigned a fine position as principal of a large Collegiate, leaving his wife and three children, to take his share in what he conceived to be the path of duty. And for this he has given his life, has paid the supreme sacrifice.

I have gathered from many sources estimates of his character, his worth. As his friend I had many letters from him while in England and in the trenches, letters which I value highly. His letter to Mr. Peter McArthur tells much of his character.

As a record is being kept of all from Niagara who have enlisted a request had been sent to Mrs. Wright for some account of his scholastic and military career. This I quote. His article sent to the St. Mary's Argus gives his description of the battle of Vimy Ridge. Quotations from his letters to myself, the statement of his commanding officer, tributes paid by his former pastor and friends, all unite to testify to his worth and what the world has lost by his death. We had sent a letter of congratulation to him after Vimy Ridge and his reply to this was read just two days before his death.

### From Mrs. Wright

Lt. W. J. Wright, educated at St. Marv's Public School and Collegiate, graduated with one of the Edward Blake scholarships. Attended Toronto University and took a very heavy course in two departments. Graduated from there in 1896 with first class honors in Classics and Philosophy. In



1895 won the Governor General's gold medal for general proficiency, the course of study being much wider for this than now. Took his degree of M. A. in 1897 when 22 years of age. His career through school and college was very brilliant as testified by teachers and professors. He taught a continuation school in Workworth for three and a half years. Next High Schools at Bradford, Niagara, Forest and St. Mary's Collegiate, coming to the latter in 1913. In 1914 qualified as a Lieutenant, enlisted in 110th Bn., Perth. As a Lt. trained at London and Borden. Qualified for a Captain, went overseas in August, 1916, with a draft of officers, went to France in October, 1916 to the 19th Bn. His death took place in the attack before Lens at Hill 70.

#### **Clippings From his Trench Letters**

"There are a dozen worse things than death. Disgrace, shame, guilt, dishonor, lack of patriotism are all worse."

"Liberty and free government cannot be won and kept without sacrifice. I am glad to be able to do anything to end this awful war."

"Fine homemade socks are positively the best gift of a soldier."

"Men must fight for what they hold dear and you know what a patriotic Britisher holds dear, British freedom, justice, family, and a fair share of comfort and wealth."

"When we men in the trenches read of the immorality and frivolity of the people of England and Canada, we sometimes wonder if the British Empire—"

#### **St. Mary's Argus, August 16th., 1917**

Battle of Vimy Ridge by Lt. W. J. Wright, who came through, the only unwounded officer in his company.

"Immense preparations were made, guns brought up in February and almost constant barrages. I remember on Good Friday I was shaving in the trench about 10 a.m., when eighteen pounders passed up right behind me. Again at 1.30 all the guns on the Canadian Corps front opened up just over our heads. Meanwhile for four nights preceding picked parties were cutting our own wire and digging, jumping off trenches in No Man's Land just at the foot of the ridge. I had charge of one of these of 106 men and I assure you it was no fun, the hardest part being the trip up and back as we were exposed to shelling. I may forget many things about this war, but I shall never forget the MUD in March and April. More than one officer and man got stuck and had to pull their feet out of their boots and proceed in their socks. I avoided that by working my feet around so as to create a

hole at the bottom and thus got a start for the supreme effort. Soldiers don't talk of "supreme sacrifice" but we make many a supreme effort to get through the mud, the adhesive, clinging, stick closer than a Government official to his job, MUD.

"Easter Sunday night was a very busy night for the Canadians. From all quarters troops were pouring in towards the foot of the ridge. Of the actual battle no officer who was on duty knows very much. I had charge of 45 men over a frontage of 110 yards and it kept me busy to keep in the centre of them and watch the enemy and the ground. Our Battalion advanced 150 yards and stopped, another went beyond us 300 yards and held their own, over the heads of both went another Canadian brigade, a few hours later a British Brigade went over them. So one wave rolled over wave till the Huns were driven off the Heights and tumbled down the steep slope. The official photographer was on the scene at 9 on his deadly work. After the fight when we looked around us, we were amazed that we ever held the low ground.

"My health is excellent. Some officers can get to hospital at any convenient time but I have no luck. If you try to do your duty, you get the dangerous work while the fellow who evades hard tasks is allowed to 'get away' with it as the army phrase goes."

The above letter was addressed to the Literary Society of the St. Mary's Collegiate and by them published in the *Argus*. In Mr. Wright's letter to the Collegiate from Shorncliffe he shows his admiration of British institutions, of British liberty, his historical knowledge, referring to Caesar's legions, Napoleon's attempts at landing in Britain, Sir John Moore, his feelings in spending an evening in the House of Commons, etc.

"England is a wonderful country. While Germans sing their hymns of hate, the English are laughing at Capt Bairnsfather's funny pictures of life at the front. While Germany is half starving British prisoners German prisoners live in comfort. While conscientious objectors are treated in this home of real freedom with every consideration, I don't believe Germany would listen to their theories for one minute. Funny British Empire! No wonder we perplexed and disappointed the scientifically dull Germans." He speaks of his pride in seeing Nelson's monument. "We may well say 'Thank God for the Navy,' for the British Navy today stands between Canada and Germany, pushing back with mighty hand the flood of German savagery and tyranny which would otherwise overwhelm us."

From the letters received from Mr. Wright I have made

selections grave and gay, thoughtful and witty, cheerful instead of grumbling but all showing his love of right, his love of country, his duty to God and man.

Mr. Wright's letters abound in witty sallies and are all marked by strong common sense, patriotism, love of books and love of liberty and justice and a strong religious vein. In one dated 14th March 1917, he says in reference to schools: "The finest gift a parent can give a child is a good education. The poor school houses have been badly hammered by the Huns. Of course, churches and schools form fine observation posts for the artillery, and the Germans knock them to pieces systematically. As the old Scotch minister said about the rain, so we may say of this war, 'O Lord, this is fair ridiculous.'" As I waded through mud and water to an outpost where three young Canadians, stand in mud for 6 or 12 hours watching the Huns, I am amazed at the stupidity and brutality that brought on this war. I am disgusted with German culture and with Prussian arrogance. This war has been a fearful disappointment to lovers of humanity. I get very depressed when I see not only naked barbarism in Germany, but extravagance, greed and immorality in Britain, and also grave faults in the army. Education alone is a failure! Evidently, some Divine Power is needed. I have few books, a few military books, Kipling's ballads, a copy of Virgil's Aeneid, New Testament—I would like a copy of Hamlet, and one book of the Iliad, but we can't carry much. The New Testament has been a great comfort, particularly the Gospels. Perhaps in Canada I might be thought a hypocrite to say this, but not here. I may surely be given credit for sincerity. I often think of Colet's teaching as given by J. R. Green in his splendid history, that the vital part of religion is "a vivid realization of the person of Christ." That realization is, I believe, the most powerful influence in keeping the life of man strong and pure." This is in a different vein.

It is an old saying "Our army swore terribly in Flanders." I can testify that in this respect the traditions of the British army are being fully maintained. It is also understood that officers must not let the men surpass them or out-do them, and I assure you officers can hold their own in this branch of military efficiency.

Just now we are in an army hut, but a few miles back. We have a little brazier, the size of a big coal-oil can. Everything is cooked on the diminutive stove. When the porridge is cooked it is put on the floor while the bacon is fried. Then it is put on again just before being served. We sleep in another hut hut usually on cots made of chicken wire. They are not bad.



Rations are usually good. I may not have a chance to write again, so let me assure you that I have enjoyed our friendship of the last ten years. It has been a pleasure to know such—

\* \* \*

"Just now conditions in the trenches are very bad. The discomforts are very great. No amount of compliments or big receptions at home after the war, can ever repay the Canadian soldier for what he has suffered in this diabolical struggle. But we are not complaining. Do not think that."

In another, a playful reference to the censors:—

"Censorship is strict. I hear they have lynx-eyed girls now instead of mere men at the base censors. Mercy, Camerade!!

With reference to the books sent—"The books naturally pleased me very much. I can slip any one of them into my pocket and take them even into the front line."

Mr. Wright sent several papers published for the Canadians, and in one letter, he says—"I enclose a contribution to your Historical Society's programme. If you think this letter of interest, it might be read or part of it, at one of your meetings." This is the letter to the Literary Society of St. Mary's, from which I have given extracts. I have also recollections of the meetings of our Monday Literary Club and how Mr. Wright delighted in contests of wit with Miss Joanna Wood and I have a tribute sent from Miss Wood to Mrs. Wright—"There was something inherently fine in Mr. Wright's nature, which made itself felt, refreshed and stimulated after these rare occasions when we chanced to meet him. You are blessed among women for your husband left you a splendid memory, garlanded with the glory of a debt fulfilled." "For how can man die better," etc. Your husband died a clean soldier's death and did not fall into the hands of the accursed Boches. I hope you believe as I do, that our dear ones are ever present with us, unseen, but not unrecognized."

At the meeting of our Society in May, after hearing of Lt. Wright's experience at Vimy Ridge, that he was the only unwounded officer in his Company and had led the remnants of this Company out of the battle, we sent a letter of congratulation to him by our secretary and on the 16th August at our annual picnic at Queenston Heights, we were delighted to find that an answer had just arrived and it was read to those assembled. Alas, a few days after we read the notice "Killed in action," on the 18th August.

My last interview with Mr. Wright was in March, 1916, on a visit of two days to Mrs. Wright in St. Marys. Mr. Wright came from London to see me and spent the night at home. He was full of military ardor, interested in war tac-

tics, and in good spirits. I have pleasant recollections of a delightful evening at his home in Niagara, which was my birthday, and was also his. With other mutual friends we wrote Lipton rhymes (then in fashion) aimed at one another, and various guesses were made to find the difference in our ages, at least to find how much older I was than he. In one letter he spoke of that meeting and hoped we might all meet again in similar circumstances. In one of his letters from France, he says, "After acting as platoon commander I was appointed Battalion Gas Officer. Just now I am taking a Trench Artillery course, so as to be ready to handle a battery of light guns if needed. It is fearful to think of the number of cigarettes and drinks I have refused. As Cleve said of India "I stand amazed at my moderation."

His answer to the letter from the Society sent by our secretary, was as follows:—

France, 20-7-17

Mrs. E. C. Ascher,

Secretary Niagara Historical Society,  
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

Dear Madam,—

I acknowledge with thanks the very kind resolution of the N.H.S., which you forwarded to me on June 26th, and which reached me on July 18th. I can assure you that my connection with your patriotic and intensely British Society was one of the chief factors in deciding me to take a direct part in this war. Dull would he be of soul who could live in such a strongly military and imperialistic town as old Niagara without being inspired by its British and warlike traditions and by its numerous mementos of "the pomp and splendor of Britain's wars," as the poet Newbolt happily puts it.

Your Society may be interested in a few observations about the war. First, there is no doubt that the Germans know that they are beaten, and they are now merely holding on to tire out the Allies and get more favorable terms. The average Germhun (as John Bull spells it) is a simple fellow. He can't understand why the Allies don't give up, but the leaders know better. They are counting on our war weariness, and the chance of a quarrel among the allied nations. The only thing for us is to give the western line such severe jolts that they will be felt even in Potsdam.

Second, Canadians are taking their full share in this war. They constitute about one-twenty-fifth of the British in France and are easily doing one-eighth of the advances. While sometimes we think less should be expected of us, we are all proud to represent Canada in this great British Imperial



army, which today is the real backbone of the allied strength. My private opinion, however, is that the British Headquarters Staff lie awake at nights planning out hard jobs for the hardy Canucks.

Third, the spirit of our troops is wonderful. In Easter week the weather conditions were absolutely bad—snow, sleet and rain combined with a sticky adhesive mud made a conglomerate mass that was utterly discouraging. In spite of this our troops advanced about four miles and held all the lines in our area against formidable artillery attacks.

No amount of newspaper talk or even acres of land will ever repay the average Canadian private for the hardships of this war. There are always some naturally-gifted grumblers but the mass of the men cheerfully “carry on.”

Fourth, some extracts from letters of Hun soldiers recently circulated in our army may be of interest. These letters were written in May and June by Huns on the western front:—

- “(a) If our artillery fire one shot, the English return 100.
- (b) We have frightful losses.
- (c) I have to keep on tightening my belt.
- (d) It is no longer war here; it is just murder.
- (e) Absolutely no enemy has the refined cunning of the English (“like perfidious Albion of old”).
- (f) Tommy is not the same as the Russian.
- (g) One cannot endure this life any longer.
- (h) We look forward with joy to being taken prisoner.”

As you have been kind enough to speak of my work I may say that on July 8th last a brigade officer said “Mr. Wright, you did some excellent work (referring to Vimy Ridge advance) and I am only sorry that it has not been better recognized.”

I wish the Society every success in its important work of preserving mementos of Britain’s glorious wars and of inculcating British ideals of liberty and justice. Especially convey to your esteemed President, my best wishes for her health and for the progress of the Society for which she has labored so devotedly.

If I return to Canada, I shall certainly bring some substantial relics for your museum. Enclosed is a little war-paper.

**W. J. Wright, Lieut.**  
4th Canadian Trench Mortar Battery,  
B.E.F., France.

The letter to Mr. Peter McArthur was evoked by an article “how to study maps” and to tell the truth I failed to

understand it lamentably, as it seemed Mr. Wright did, so that I enjoyed very much when permitted to read the witty as well as thoughtful reply which I am permitted to use.

The various tributes paid all attest his loyalty, patriotism, literary ability, his bravery as a soldier, and his character as a Christian gentleman.

### COPY OF MR. WRIGHT'S LETTER

Old German Dugout,  
France, 27-5-17; Sunday, 11 a.m.

Mr. Peter McArthur,  
Appin, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Mr. McArthur,—

Perhaps you will be interested to know that your unique articles in the *Globe* find their way into the trenches to the delight of many a former Ontarioite.

Your suggestion about maps is the real provocation which evoked this letter so you can blame yourself. Certainly it is one of the funniest ideas that I have seen for a long time. In this case your usual lively imagination has deserted you. All the pupil needs to do to get the proper directions in which the U.S.A. lies is to imagine himself in the U.S.A., say at St. Louis, still facing the north. Then you won't need to upset all the regular map-system established for so many years. The present system is quite scientific and satisfactory. What is wanted, I would suggest, is a daily quiz on directions, e. g., \* \* \*

I admire your interest in education but it is possible that a trained teacher might give a useful hint even to the modern Encyclopaediac resourceful newspaper writer.

As you seem to enjoy wandering over the spacious realm of ideas, political, economic, religious and educational, possibly a few observations from an officer who has been seven months at the front in France will not be amiss.

1. Diplomacy is cheaper than war. If peace with honor can be secured, if reparation, restitution, and guarantees can be got by the efforts of clever and astute statesmen without the sacrifice of valuable lives, then these objects ought to be attained in that way. If Germany can be brought to realize that about eight hundred millions are now arrayed against the one hundred and fifty millions of herself and Allies, that the whole world almost is turned against her, that the United States can furnish us with enormous wealth, unlimited food, a large navy, and a half million men who are too proud not to fight when their national honor is assailed, and that the

central powers are utterly unable to attain their world aims, conquest and domination, then she may give up the struggle. Anyone who has walked over the dead bodies of gallant, young stalwart Canadians, lying cold and muddy on a far away foreign soil will appreciate what I say. Let our diplomats get busy.

As to religion and the war. Some pious people are hoping for a great religious revival out of this war. It is possible but I fail to see the signs. At times a Christian nation must draw the sword, but Christ walked the streets and fields of Palestine, not in the haughty mail of a warrior, but in the simple dress of a Jewish teacher. In almost every way war is hostile to religion. Almost all the conditions of life and work in the war are discouraging to religious effort, though, of course, those conditions can never stamp out true piety, which, if the possessor but wills it, can flourish on the battlefield as well as in the quiet home, or in the dim religious light of the cathedral.

A word as to Church Union. This matter has been given a prominence out of all proportion to its importance. It is a mere question of differently governing the visible church. After all individual character and true piety are of infinitely greater importance than a mere change in the administration of our church affairs. Out here in the trenches church union would not help us. The great thing is, whether a man has enough Christian backbone to resist bad habits and evil practices and to "keep himself unspotted from the world." Don't worry about church union, spend the time rather in training the children in christian virtues.

In five pages so far I have said little about the war. Well, there are more interesting subjects. Even in the front line, with shells bursting on top of our dugout, we talk politics, business or education—not war. The situation is just this: the bad boy of Europe has broken loose and must be caught and punished. Unfortunately the youthful terror is well armed and is giving trouble, but Grandmother, neighbors, uncle and cousins and strangers will soon subdue the culprit.

I was in the "big show" of April 9th, and in other warm spots later, but fortunately am still on the job unscathed. The crack German army is getting a bad pounding and its invincibility is all shot to pieces. We are hoping out here for the fun to end in September.

I must not close without making a plea for our soldiers. You, who are at home, should see that the soldier at the front or returned sick or disabled gets a square deal. Why not exempt from taxation the property of all enlisted men; why



not deprive of the franchise all slackers unmarried from twenty-one to forty without special ties; why not send home all who have served two years abroad while others have not served two minutes. Of course, we all want to vote if there is an election.

In your weekly ruminations let me suggest you give us some more on literature. You excel in Shakespeare rather than the teaching of Geography.

Hoping to be fortunate enough to read many more of your Saturday "fatigues," I am,

Yours very truly,

W. J. Wright,

Lieut. 4th Canadian T.M. Battery, B.E.F., France  
From W. J. Wright, formerly Principal Niagara H.S.

On August 26th, 1917, the Rev. A. F. MacGregor paid the following tribute to the late Lieut. W. J. Wright in St. Andrew's Church, Niagara:

"I think that I may say we are all in sorrow for the passing of Lieut. W. J. Wright. We who knew him as the principal of the High School and as a member and elder of this church find it hard to believe that he is gone. Brilliant as a student, gifted and enthusiastic as a teacher, devoted and loyal as a church member and office bearer, brave beyond many as a soldier, he has left an undying record. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the loved ones at home. Our tears flow with theirs and though we cannot visit his grave, we place on it a wreath of honor. We can cherish recollections of his worth, his kindness, his valor and his sacrifice and remembering that there is a realm and home for liberty, for love and aspiration, and service above these changeful skies we have good hope that after the strife is past and the work of the day is done the loved ones we have lost awhile will be ours again. Therefore we say not farewell. We know we shall meet again in the summer land of life and joy."

The following article is clipped from the "St. Mary's Argus" of Oct. 11th and will be read with interest by those who knew and highly esteemed the brave officer who died at his post. The paper says:—"Just one year ago from the day Lieut. W. J. Wright left Toronto, (Aug. 18th) he met his death 'bravely facing the foe, doing his duty as he had always done.' In October, 1916, he went to France attached to the 19th Battalion and was in the trenches all winter taking part in a number of raids. His first big engagement was at Vimy Ridge, an account of which he wrote to the St. Mary's papers. A brother officer who came through the engagement with

Lieut. Wright and who is now at home minus a leg, had this to say—"There is no braver or better loved officer than Lieut. Wright; he never asks his men to go where he will not go himself; where the bombs are thickest there he is among the wounded; he will certainly be recommended for the Military Cross." This was done after that terrible engagement by Lieut.-Col. Millen of the same battalion, who recognized that his splendid work and bravery as an infantry officer were deserving of that honor. In May he was transferred to the 4th Trench Mortar Battery. . . . June was a rest month, most of the time being spent out of the trenches, training and fitting the men for the big drive. During July and the early part of August he experienced some heavy bombardments, being almost continuously in the front line trenches. On August 13th at 5 o'clock Lieut. Wright started on what proved to be his last trip. On Wednesday morning the attack began in which the 1st and 2nd Canadian divisions were engaged; opposing them were the famous Prussian Guards. The Canadians won their ground but the Prussians made several counter-attacks and in the last one, which took place at 4.30 Saturday morning, Lieut. Wright was shot by a Prussian officer, his death being instantaneous; he was buried several miles behind the firing line by Major Kidd and the other officers of his battery who paid great tribute to his bravery under fire."

Captain Jago, his commanding officer writes thus:—"Had Lieut. Wright come through this attack it would have been my pleasant duty to have recommended him for the Military Cross." Promotion in the army and the Military Cross were to have been his but he has been promoted to higher service. Lieut. Wright is dead but he shall live forever in the result of his efforts. His name will long be remembered in St. Mary's."

In the St. Mary's Journal, Dec. 27th, is an article headed "The citizens of St. Mary's do honor to the memory of the late Lieut. W. J. Wright."

On Sunday night the two Presbyterian congregations and large numbers from other churches united in a service to do honor to a leading member of the first Presbyterian Church, the late Lieut. W. J. Wright. Rev. S. MacLean of Knox Church took part in the service which was conducted by the Rev. J. G. Miller, the pastor. The service was a solemn and impressive one, the prayers and music being appropriate, the texts Phil. 3:10, "That I may know Him and the Power of His Resurrection," John 15:13, "Greater Love Hath no Man, Than This, That a Man Lay Down His Life for His Friends,"



and Rom. 8:9. Letters were read from old friends and pupils. The Hon. Arthur Meighen had expected to take part in the memorial service to his friend and boyhood chum, wired his regrets. One of his old pupils overseas (and scores of them are serving King and Country) wrote from the hospital at the time of his passing:

"It was no surprise to me when I first heard of his enlistment. All through his life he stood for those ideals that we are supposed to be fighting for in this struggle."

E. D. Manning another pupil, writes: "We love him I think more for his convictions and his fearlessness in carrying them out. I think of him as one of the most heroic Canadians I have ever heard of and I would think it a privilege to die in France if I could leave his record behind."

The Sessions of St. James' Church, Forest and St. Andrew's Niagara, pay warm tributes to his memory. We in St. Mary's his home in childhood and youth know that his was the stern road of struggle for an education and his scholarship brought him to his native town. St. Mary's is no more highly honored in any of her sons.

Why did Lieut. Wright go? "I know something of that" said the speaker. "No man ever answered the call of King and Country with purer motives than did he. No spirit of adventure actuated him. He went because he loved Britain and British institutions and British liberty. The precious heritage for which others had given their lives was prized by him. And he was not in the trenches four months, when he wrote of his conviction that he would never see home again. In one of his letters he said: 'You read of the happy warrior. We are happy in the midst of all our misery. We are happy in the consciousness of following duty at any cost. That is the only way of peace. The men in the trenches are not strong on the forms of religion and the creeds but the New Testament has a living message for them here and prayer a new meaning. We feel the nearness of the Master and have many talks with him.'"

Lieut. Davy, a brother officer says of him: "The thing that impressed me most of all during the Wednesday and Thursday that we spent in the same trench was his marvellous courage and coolness under the most terrible fire. He set the most wonderful example of courage and cheerfulness it has been my lot to witness."

"He saw not where his path should lead,  
Nor sought a path to suit his will;  
He saw a nation in her need,

He heard the cause of honor plead,  
He heard the call, he gave it heed,  
And now he sleeps in France.

Yet let this ray of light remain,  
Though darkness cut him from our view,  
We know the sacrifice, the pain—  
We cannot feel our faith is vain—  
We know the loss but not the gain,  
Of those who sleep in France."

A memorial tablet was unveiled on April 9th in the Collegiate Institute in memory of the late principal, W. J. Wright, who was killed at Hill 70 on August 13th, 1917. Prof. Dale said that the gathering was unique in that it was the first tablet unveiled to a head teacher of any Collegiate Institute. W. J. Wright enlisted with the 110th Battalion, two years ago and served a year at the front.

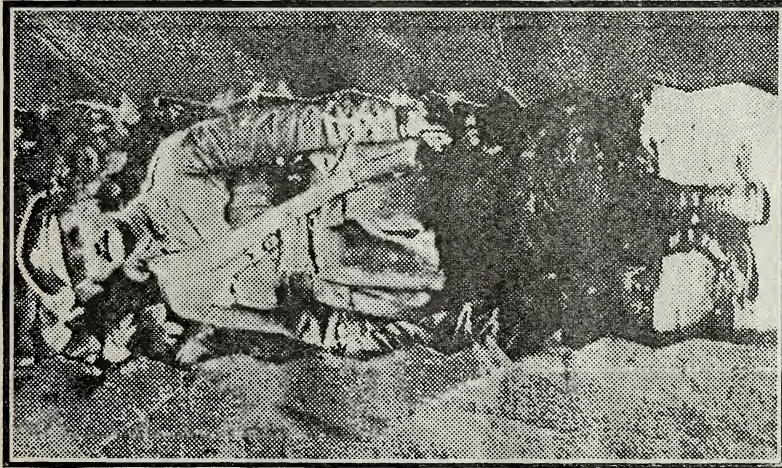
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#### IN A LETTER TO MRS. WRIGHT, APRIL 1918

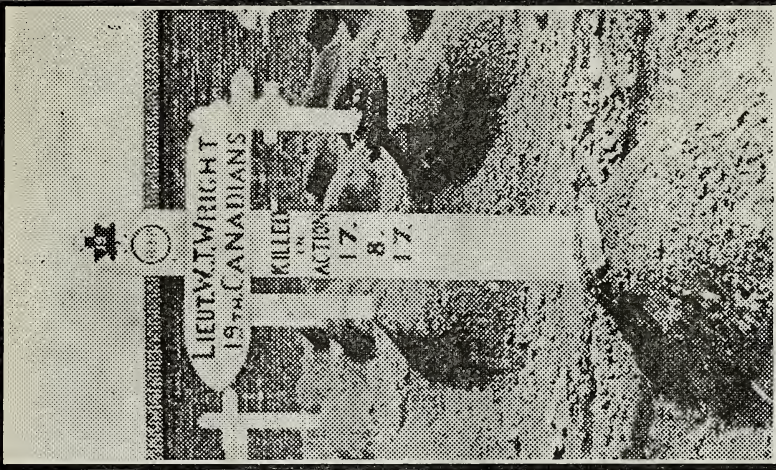
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The testimony of J. F. Anderson who searched for the grave and describes how well kept it is. "As I stood with bowed head beside his grave, I thought of all he had meant to me. To no one do I owe more than to Mr. Wright. His enthusiastic pains-taking help made it possible for me to commence a college course. His encouragement kept me struggling, when I almost despaired. What I owe to his personal influence in my life I can never express in words. On each of us, his pupils he left the impress of his own true pure manhood. Everything mean and base seemed to shrink away from before him. Each of us can truly thank God that his influence touched our lives." Always I shall cherish his memory as one of the dearest things in my life. The grave is marked with a large white wooden cross which bears a metal plate with his name, number and rank, also painted on the cross in large black letters." A photograph was sent which is here reproduced.





Lt. W. J. Wright who fought at.  
Vimey Ridge



Cross at the grave of Lt. W. J. Wright  
killed at Hill 70, Aug. 17th, 1917

**NARRATIVE OF THE EARLY LIFE OF CATHARINA  
HAIDEEN, A NATIVE OF MISSOLOGHI,  
GREECE, PREFACED BY A DESCRIPTION  
OF EVENTS LEADING TO THE  
DESTRUCTION OF THAT PLACE**

Kindly Supplied by Mrs. Wilkinson of New York, Mrs.  
Paffard's Daughter

The glorious struggle which the Greeks had so long and ultimately so successfully maintained for liberty and independence, against their tyrannical oppressors, the Ottoman Turks, who for nearly four centuries had overrun the fairest portions of Europe, had been since its commencement in 1821, signalized and immortalized by various heroic achievements on either side, particularly on that of the Greeks, whilst it had also been disgraced by a series of sanguinary cruelties and horrid massacres, at which humanity revolts, and the bare recital of the horrors and slaughter of nearly a million of human beings, is sufficient to harrow up the feelings of those unacquainted with the miseries attendant on an exterminating war. Scio, Ipsaia and Tripolozzio will long dwell on the memory as scenes of horror, carnage, and devastation; but these were only a part of the dreadful visitations of an infuriated soldiery over an oppressed nation struggling for political existence. The Island, the peninsula, the Continent were successively devastated by the Turkish scimitars, but through the bravery of the Greek Navy under the command of Miauliu, Canaris, and other distinguished Admirals, with the army under Goina Ulysses, Colocationi, and other noted Generals, assisted by British officers and British gold, had nearly achieved the independence of their country, when a new enemy invaded their soil in the Armies of the Egyptians headed by the eldest son of the Pasha of that country, the Arabs being better disciplined than the Turks, unhappily turned the scale in the favor of the oppressors, and a renewal of the conflict was only a more dreadful revival of the terrific scourge which had already swept over that fine country; still the glorious struggle was maintained even when the overwhelming storm seemed ready to render the country both a natural and a moral desert, and although the Morea was in the possession of the wild Arabs, yet many fortresses of the Continent held out with a heroism, which not only appalled the enemy, but excited the astonishment and admiration of the civilized world. Amongst them Missolonghi near the Gulph of Lepanto pre-eminent, both for its heroic defence and the des-



perate resolution of its garrison and inhabitants rather to perish in its ruins than surrender to a vindictive and haughty tyrant. The miseries which attended the storming of this devoted place together with the determined heroism of the besieged, will be seen from the following statement related by an eye-witness and will serve as a prelude to the more immediate object of this narrative.

Missolonghi which had been besieged by Ibrahim Pasha in the early part of the year 1825, and relieved by the Greek fleet under the celebrated Miauliu, was again so closely invested by the same commander in the fall of the year both by sea and land that Miauliu with all his skill could not throw supplies into the town, and it was on the 15th April, 1826, when Miauliu had made a most desperate and sanguinary, although unsuccessful attempt to throw provisions into the town, but was compelled to leave it to its fate; on the 16th, all communications being cut off, the besieged who had maintained themselves by the few supplies which they had hitherto daily received from the interior, were now reduced to a deplorable condition, so much so that in the following days many old men, women and children died of want, but no one thought of surrendering, on the contrary several parts of the town were selected as refuges for the women and children and aged, and every preparation made to blow up the town, should they be driven to extremity. On the 21st and 22nd prayers were publicly offered up for their preservation; but with a desperate resolution several parts of the town were undermined and filled with combustibles, with a determination on the part of the inhabitants that all incapable of making a sortie on the besiegers should be buried in one common explosion, by springing the mines under them. On those days Miauliu again made a last and terrible attack on the Turkish fleet, but superior numbers, and having the advantage of the wind, compelled him to abandon his purpose of relieving the town. It was then that the hapless besieged seeing their last hope vanished thought only of executing their desperate project of burying themselves under the ruins of the fortress, and every preparation being made for the sacrifice, the women and children, wounded and aged were placed over the mines, and some of the most intrepid of the venerable warriors were selected to set fire to the train as soon as the signal should be given of the failure of the grand sortie about to be made of all capable of bearing arms against their ferocious foe. About two thousand men of desperate valour and devoted heroism were determined either to cut their way through Ibrahim's army and join their brethren in arms to avenge their wives

and families whom they were about to abandon to destruction or slavery, or perish in the attempt. Despair led them on, only about 150 men were left in the town as a defence to those who remained. These retired to a house which they converted into a temporary fortress and determined not to survive its fall. It was on the 23rd of April when the last sun had set on the town of Missolonghi, that their brave and resolute band of warriors set out on their desperate expedition, and at the same time the frightful volcanoes which had been prepared under the streets of the town exploded destroying the trembling and terrified inhabitants, whose numbers were previously reduced by war and famine to 6000 souls. Unhappily the Turks had gained information of the project, and were thus enabled to defeat it by reinforcing their hosts and making a terrific attack on this forlorn hope, who reduced to six hundred could only save themselves by an escape to the mountains. Then it was that the Arabs stormed the town on every point and pouring into the streets made a dreadful carnage of the inhabitants, sparing neither age nor sex, until, tired of the work of slaughter, they made prisoners of about three thousand women and children.

Those men who had previously fortified themselves in the house defended themselves the whole day, making a severe retribution on their exasperated foes, until at length exhausted by fatigue and want and driven to despair, they set fire to their magazine and blew themselves up, with numbers of their enemies, at the moment they were about to be taken, and from that period Missolonghi ceased to exist.

The spirited and heroic defence of this fortress will long remain as a memorial of the unrelenting and furious nature of the warfare which was so long carried on by the belligerents, particularly of the besieged, who preferred death under the ruins of their town, to the offers of mercy held out to them by the Arab chief if they would surrender.

Those women and children who survived the dreadful explosion of the mines, were reserved for scenes, if possible, more horrible; many were massacred after the most brutal treatment by the merciless victors, whilst others were taken captives to Egypt, or Turkey, there to spend lives of slavery, subject to the lawless wills of the conquerors. Happily for some of them, poor creatures, there were Christians in those barbarous countries, whose hearts bled for the distress of their fellow creatures, and whose compassion induced them to ransom the slaves exposed in the public markets, and the destitute orphans were peculiarly noticed by the Christians of more civilized countries, and to the lasting honor of the

English and French residents, led on by their respective Consuls, many were rescued from their forlorn and hopeless condition, each nation forming a rivalry in humanity far more glorious than ever established by their arms.

The subject of the following narrative to British liberality, owes her redemption from slavery to Edw. Barker, Esq., British Consul General of Egypt, then at Alexandria, who relates in the following letter:—

Smyrna, May 23rd, 1828.

Last year when I was in Egypt (June 1827) I fell in with a little Greek slave apparently four years old. She was in the possession of a Turkish woman who was married, but had no children. In conversation with her she expressed a willingness to part with her captive for the sake of money. The child on being brought to my house, greatly excited our pity, the more so as we discovered in her an intelligence of mind, upon certain questions being put to her, superior to her years. The woman demanded eight hundred piastres, which, after a little negotiation, was agreed upon as the price; but no sooner had the possessor found that I was really ready to ransom the child, than she thought she would make as hard a bargain as possible. For this purpose she affected to have changed her mind and that now she had resolved not to part with her. This being the case, being then about to leave Egypt we begged our friends to purchase the child if ever the Turkish woman changed her mind. Some two months afterwards, the child was taken extremely ill, and it would seem that the woman began to think that she had lost all chance of turning her captive into money, as she expected the child would die. Ill as the child was, she however took the precaution to go and seek for the person who had made her the former offer and stated that she was more disposed to sell her. The child was therefore carried into the house of Mrs. Barker in a most dreadful state of health, the money was paid to the woman and she took no further interest in the matter. By the best medical aid, and the unremitting attentions of Mrs. Barker, (Mrs. Barker was a Greek) the child recovered in about six months. Mrs. B. continued her attentions to her for a considerable time longer, habituating her to Christian manners and causing her to listen to her native Greek language, which she had almost forgotten. After some months of the kindest treatment at Alexandria, the child was put on board a vessel under the care of a lady who was to leave her in charge of my daughter at Smyrna. Her good disposition and good behaviour have engaged the affections of my wife and myself,



and we both take a great interest in her welfare. What we learn of the child's brief history is this: she was one of the numerous captives that were taken at Missolonghi after the fall of that place on the 23rd April, 1826—her age at that period we consider could not have been more than three years. She has a very confused, but faint recollection of that dreadful affair, such as a general remembrance of the terror she felt when the houses were on fire, and when she saw people being killed. She says she had a mother once, but she does not seem to clearly understand the relationship of mother, father, brother or sister, for she was torn from kindred at so early an age, and thrown amongst a people speaking a different language, which must have so confused her, that it is not surprising that the remembrance of home should have passed totally away. When we first saw her she could speak Arabic and Turkish, but on being spoken to in Greek, she stared in a wild manner fixing her eyes on the person who addressed her, and replied in Arabic,—this discovered that her Greek was not forgotten, and after she had been talked to some time in simple and tender terms, she even made replies in Greek. She told us her name was once Catharina, but that now it was Haideen, her Turkish name. She had not long been in the possession of Mrs Barker before she picked up her native language which she now talks fluently enough. She has learned the names of everything about the house in English, but she cannot speak sentences. She however, reads and spells a little in English, and has a correct accent, but, as her playfellows speak Greek, her progress in the English is not very rapid. Thus the child has been obliged to learn a fresh language every year, for scarcely could she have lisped her mother tongue, when she was carried away by a Turk, and while with him spoke Turkish. She was then disposed of to an Egyptian family, and soon had to learn Arabic; she had not become fluent in these two when her mother language was again made familiar to her, and while with me the Turkish and Arabic almost forgotten. Now that she is going to England, and perhaps the language which she has hitherto spoken will never again reach her ear, we sincerely trust it may be so, and that the various and distressing vicissitudes which have attended her infancy, may be compensated for by a long and happy life in a country where slavery is unknown, and where the helpless and innocent never fail to find succour. We have been in the habit of calling our little girl Catharina, but have not yet given her a surname—we were however inclined to make it Haideen and fix her age as three years on the day of the memorable fall of that town in April 23rd, 1826.

The child sailed from Smyrna in the schooner 'Prem'er' May 24th., 1829 and reached London in the June following, where she was received into the family of the British Consul's daughter, then residing near London, with whom she lived three or four years being perfected in the English language, and general elementary education.

At this period of her history a very old friend of the Consul's (Wm. P. Bartlett, Esq.) a married gentleman, but having no family, on seeing the child and hearing of her eventful life, became so interested in her that he obtained the consent of the Consul to adopt her as his own child, a trust he faithfully carried out with all the tenderness of a parent, until her marriage in 1844. Soon after which, she came to Canada. Thus having been a resident in all the four quarters of the Globe.

Niagara, Canada.

March, 1880.

(In number 19 of our historical pamphlet, "Inscriptions and Graves on the Niagara Peninsula" is the following: "A romantic story is attached to the name of one born in far Greece but then alas enslaved by the savage Turk. On a monument not far from St. Mark's Church is the following inscription:

"In memory of Katherina Haideen, a native of Missolonghi, wife of Frederick Paffard, born 1823 died at Niagara, 1883."

As a child, a captive with the Turks, she attracted the compassion of an English gentleman, who bought her freedom and educated her as his own."

The story recalls the fact that at a school in Niagara a collection was taken up to assist the Greeks in 1827 the year of the battle of Navarino and we recall the fact too, that the poet, Lord Byron died while helping in the struggle.

Mrs. Frederick Paffard lived a short time in St. Catharines and all of her later years in Niagara in the fine mansion built by Charles Richardson, afterwards owned by C. L. Hall and James Lockhart, now owned by Mrs. Gooderham. She was loved and respected and known for her charitable deeds.

And now after ninety years the "unspeakable Turk" is still as in the old bad days carrying on his deeds of cruelty and wrong only surpassed by the still more unspeakable German in desolating all of the earth that he touches.—(J. C.)

EMIGRANTS IN NIAGARA, 1847

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It is a far cry from the failure of the potato crop in Ireland and the Repeal of the Corn laws to events in our little town of Niagara and yet there is a thread of connection. When the failure of crops in the years 1845 and 1846 affected so many of the countries of Europe, on no people did it fall more heavily than on the people of Ireland, many of whom depended so much on the potato crop, which in 1845 was a partial failure and in 1846 a total failure, blighted in a night. In 1847 famine and pestilence walked hand in hand so that many emigrants in 1847 were either fever stricken or so emaciated that mingled with the unsanitary conditions on the ships, many died and their bodies cast into the sea sharing with others "one vast ocean wandering grave." The year was called in Ireland the "Black 47." All this was a potent factor in bringing about a change in policy in the government of England when Sir Robert Peel took off the duties of food coming to Britain, commonly called the "Repeal of the Corn Laws" and bore the odium of being what is called a "turn coat" as two statesmen of a later date far removed in dwelling places, Joseph Howe in Canada and Jan Smuts in Africa have done and many others in helping the world's progress have subjected themselves to ridicule, abuse and even hatred. Two words were added to the English language "Peeler" and "Bobbie" both applied to the police and both in contempt referring to Sir Robert Peel.

But what has all this to do with Niagara may be asked? When the famine stricken crowds of Ireland came out to find refuge in a freerer, more prosperous country, where food was more plentiful, they were enfeebled by want, many of them already ill and were brought in crowded, ill-ventilated vessels. In the long passage many contracted ship fever and thousands died as well as in the sheds hastily prepared for them in Grosse Isle near Quebec, notwithstanding the care of Sisters of Charity, nurses, physicians, clergymen, many of whom sacrificed their lives in the noble work of helping those in need. Why many came on to Kingston, Toronto, Niagara and other places we do not know, whether to meet friends already in the country or whether merely sent in an arbitrary manner by the authorities; of this we are ignorant. I remember when in Kingston many years ago, that a man was pointed out to me who possessed a large gold medal presented to him by the citizens for his services in helping to bury those who died there from ship fever in 1847, it being very difficult to obtain help, from fear of infection.

In an old Niagara poster of 1847, it is told that a musical



soiree for the relief of those in Ireland and the north of Scotland and its islands will be held. Volunteers sang, speeches were made, the band of the Royal Canadian Rifles played popular airs, English, Scottish, French, Irish and refreshments were served. The price was 2 shillings, 6 pence and a goodly sum was raised.

From several sources have I gleaned the story of the emigrants in Niagara in 1847. Very few are living now who remember it, but from a little minute book which has lately come into our possession I have gathered much of the story and from old Niagara newspapers somewhat more.

How then did Niagara meet the presence of so many famine stricken, diseased and in want? At that time what we now call the town council was called the Board of Police, and orders had been received from Kingston to appoint a Board of Health and that the Canadian Government would pay the expenses incurred. In the little minute book is recorded from week to week the meetings of the Board of Health, the names of the physicians and nurses, of the druggist who supplied the medicines, of the people who supplied groceries, milk, wood, straw, butter, furniture, even of those who supplied coffins and who dug the graves, of those who succumbed to disease of whom alas there were forty in spite of all the care given of shelter, food, nurses, medicines, physicians. The greater part were buried in St. Vincent de Paul's cemetery, but from the name of the sexton, one at least was buried in St. Andrew's and another in St. Mark's.

To help the inhabitants of Ireland, collectors were appointed for the whole District of Niagara and the sum of £1796 was raised, 1500 barrels of flour contributed, of which the town of Niagara gave £410 and the vicinity 290 barrels of flour. Clothing was also given and some difference of opinion arose as to whether the money value should be sent or the flour itself.

The earliest date in the minute book is 15th June, 1847, "Board of Health, Niagara. At a meeting of the Board of Police held on the 15th day of June, 1847 it was resolved and carried that (in conformity with the instructions from the Provincial Secretary) the said Board do constitute themselves a Board of Health. Present the President and Messrs. McCormick, Heron and Davidson. Doctors Rolls and Melville were appointed medical officers.

The following sanitary regulations were adopted:

"That all emigrants requiring public relief shall be placed in the dwelling provided by the Board.

"That no relief be given to persons known to be in pos-

session of money exceeding in amount \$5, nor to any person who shall refuse to work when wages considered reasonable by the Board are offered them, nor to any person who shall have been seen to beg from the inhabitants of the town, nor to any person who shall have been seen in a state of intoxication while receiving relief.

"That all newly arrived emigrants suffering from sickness be placed in the hospital, the party in charge thereof to receive patients only on certificates signed by two or more members of the Board.

"That Beaver Bonner be appointed Inspector of Emigrants to visit the steamboats on their arrival at this port and in case of the arrival of emigrants to report verbally to the Board as to their condition and necessities.

"That one or more person or persons be appointed to take care and wait upon the sick, to superintend the building occupied by the emigrants to convey all medicines and provisions thereto and generally to superintend all matters connected with them in the hospital and that such persons not under the instructions of the Medical Officers discharge patients only on the written certificate of the said officers."

"Report of Emigrants relieved by the Board of Health, Niagara during the week ending the 26th of June, 1847. In health, 5 adults, 11 children. Sick, 9 adults, 2 children. Two died 5th July."

This small number in June is increased to 73 adults and 28 children, in October with nine deaths in two weeks.

At a meeting of the Board of Health held on the 30th June, 1847, it was resolved:

"On motion of Mr. Heron, seconded by Mr. McCormick that the attendants at the hospital be paid as follows: William Sorby at the rate of six shillings and three pence and Mrs. Powell at the rate of three shillings and nine pence currency until other arrangements are made, and that the remuneration to the Inspector of Emigrants, Mr. Bonner, be three shillings and nine pence currency per day.

"That the Inspector of Emigrants be authorized to attend the sale of barrack bedding and purchase 2 dozen blankets, from 2 to 4 dozen sheets, 1 dozen straw ticks, from 1 to 2 dozen pillows and 1 dozen coverlets. It was also ordered that the following account be paid: John Gannon, cleaning and whitewashing hospital."

There seems to have been much arduous work for the Board of Health, much time devoted to the task and it was only after a long course of letter writing and appeals to differ-

ent authorities that the Board was able to pay all the demands on them.

"On Sept. 9th, 1847, the premises lately occupied by Christopher Heron was this day rented by the Board of Health at \$10 a month (except the garden) \$3 of said sum to be paid to the said Christopher Heron.

#### I. H. Johnson, Clerk."

In these records we find that the hospital mentioned is the brick house owned by Mr. Stevens on left side of King St. near the Western Home, that a building near Navy Hall belonging to Mr. Heron and afterwards to Ralfe Clench, advertised in early papers as Navy Hall Tavern was used for those in health, that rent was paid to Mrs. Putman for the house owned by Mr. Chapman, formerly occupied by Mr. Ibson which is one of the oldest houses in town (1816). The meetings go on from week to week giving always the number in health, the number of adults sick and children, also the deaths.

"Aug. 11th, the Board of Health met this evening at half past seven o'clock. Present the President and Messrs Davidson, Heron and Boulton. Ordered that Borrass Shaw be employed as assistant nurse in the hospital and that his pay and that of Sorby from this day be five shillings currency each per diem."

20th August, 1847.

"Resolved to rent Putman's house at four dollars a month for convalescent emigrants and that one dozen bedsteads and half a dozen sets of bedding be procured, also a couple of tables and half a dozen round tables for use in the hospital."

Here is a notice, astonishing to us in these days of high prices of meat, mounting and ever mounting. At a meeting 1st September, "Ordered that in order to have the choice of the market for the Superintendent, the butcher be paid at the rate of three pence currency per pound from this date." We are glad the best was provided for the invalids. During the month of October the death rate was increasing as also the number in the hospital as on 16th October, there were 74 adults and 24 children, 5 died and on 31st October, 9 deaths are recorded. On 29th October, it was resolved that an estimate of the expense of putting the hospital and convalescent post into the proper state of repair be obtained from John Whitten. "That notice be given to all healthy emigrants now receiving relief that no assistance will be given after the 6th November."

In a letter to A. B. Hawke, Nov. 8th, it is stated that an application for the money due 835 pounds, had been sent to



His Excellency, but no reply had been received. The Board of Health under directions of Mr. Cull had ceased to exist on Saturday last. There were still a great many emigrants in town and they did not know what would become of them. A return is sent as asked for of the articles turned over to the medical officer as bedsteads, blankets, dishes, rugs, sheets, etc. being 800 in number on 8th November.

In this record of the town are numerous letters from John Simpson to different officials as A. B. Hawke, Chief Emigrant Agent, Kingston, Hon. D. Daly, Provincial Secretary, Montreal, Edw. McEldery, Emigrant Agent, Toronto, John H. Connally, Montreal, Hon. R. B. Sullivan, Prov. Secretary. There are also letters to the military in Niagara to Capt. Mason of the Steamer Telegraph, to Adams, St. Catharines and others, stating what they have done, asking information or defending themselves from unjust alteration of their accounts. The letters are all written by Mr. John Simpson, the President of the Board and we cannot but admire their composition, his reasonable, diplomatic, yet strong statement of the case, his marshalling of facts, stated clearly, fully and forcibly but also courteously. Mr. John Simpson was the editor of the Niagara Chronicle and many books and pamphlets published by him in Niagara are in existence. He afterwards became the Hon. John Simpson, Deputy Assistant, Auditor General in Ottawa. We recall a verse from a witty description of town notabilities said to have been written by the editor of the rival newspaper, the Mail, which seems to be particularly happy:

“Next comes John Simpson, fair and bland,  
Whose acts you all can understand.  
His aim is high, his effort strong,  
And seldom he is in the wrong.”

The other members of the Board were Andrew Heron, James Boulton, Thos. McCormick and Alexander Davidson.

The signature of these letters varies considerably. The tone of the letters is always firm, dignified, polite. The close of the letters shows a sliding scale of more or less respect, thus in some, “Your obedient servant,” sometimes, “I have the honour to be Sir,” etc. This letter to make up for its curtness, “I am most respectfully, etc. Capt. Mason, Steamer Telegraph. The letter goes on to state that the captain had landed several emigrants who came from Hamilton and were to proceed to Buffalo and landed here, thinking it was the proper place, he is warned that if such course is followed he

will be held responsible. The Board of Health must have been put to their wits' end by the need of larger quarters and complaints which obliged them to vacate part of the quarters occupied as the two next letters show; the military at Fort George being evidently afraid of infection at a house of Mr. Heron's, near Navy Hall, below Fort George. Lt. Garrett had written complaining and the reply to Lt. Col. Newton, Royal Canadian Rifles states that the building is used solely for healthy emigrants needing temporary relief and shelter from the weather. However it is evident from the next letter that as usual, everything must give way to military law as the building is to be vacated early next morning.

Other cares fell upon the already heavily burdened Board of Health as a letter states that 150 emigrants arrived per Steamer from Toronto without any certificate and goes on to say that there are no public works to furnish employment. The authorities of the State of New York refuse to let them enter their territory. There is nothing to show how the difficulty was met.

It is difficult for us now to realize what the sufferings of those men, women and children, apart from pain and sickness and want. Torn from the land they loved, in strange surroundings, large families, in one case eight children. What must that mother have endured on the way in the fever haunted ship and in the long journey from Quebec to our town. But there are bright spots in the whole story. There were heroic deeds then as well as in these days of heroes willingly giving their lives in Flanders and elsewhere. At Grosse Isle, Sisters of Charity, nurses, physicians, clergymen of all denominations gave their lives. Bishop Mountain waited on the sick. In Toronto Bishop Power, R.C. died. In Bytown now Ottawa a Presbyterian clergyman, Durie died. One from our own neighborhood, Dr. Keefer, of Montreal, son of George Keefer, the founder of Thorold, and the brother of Mrs. John McFarland of Niagara river road died from fever contracted while waiting on the emigrants. And in the list of deaths here we find that one of the nurses, Mr. Sorby contracted the fever and died.

The whole expense incurred here was about one thousand pounds and there seems to have been great delay in sending the funds, as for many months only 150 pounds had been sent and two long letters of Mr. Simpson's give full explanations first to one and then another official. In April 1848 there was a new Provincial Secretary, the Hon. R. B. Sullivan and the whole previous correspondence has to be explained and stating that a sum of 586 pounds, 1 shilling, 3 pence is yet due. The

next letter is lengthy, filling three foolscap pages and the next nearly as long. In these two letters he does not hesitate to criticise the course of the Government and advise as to their proper course. Not for a full year is the correspondence finished and then it seems the Imperial Government had agreed to pay all the expense incurred. Mr. Simpson must have gone to Montreal for a personal interview as his letter shows.

Niagara, June 7th, 1848.

"Dear Sir:—

Herewith I send receipt for the Board of Works' account, also a power of attorney to draw from the Government the money due to the Board of Health at Niagara. If you receive it in time please send the money by Alex. Christie, if not, send by mail."

He then goes on to give the facts connected with their work. "At the request of the Government (not of their own motion and very much against their own inclination) the Board of Police constituted themselves into a Board of Health. The duties of the Board were both laborious and repulsive, but they were freely and gratuitously performed." He then goes on to refer to the proposed reduced amount and gives full explanations as regards the medical and apothecaries, charges.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

**John Simpson.**

John H. Conolly, Esq.,  
Montreal."

The concluding sentence is very neatly put. Mr. Hawke has disallowed several sums making deductions. Mr. Simpson asks Mr. Conolly to disallow the deductions of Mr. Hawke.

All this seems rather sordid on the part of the Government officials in view of the tragedy which had been enacted for months and the sad, sad circumstances which led to the tragedy. It is another example of the delay and trouble often caused by too close an adherence to the red tape policy which governs so many government offices.

There are in the little minute book the names of over two hundred emigrants, men, women and children, most of them unknown to us. The letters in the town record book are mostly copied by I. H. Johnson, who was the town clerk till 1856. In the lists of expenditure, occur the familiar names of Swinton, Christie, Lockhart, Wagstaff, Painter, Barr, Andrews, Bowen, Barker, Harvey, Clement, Stocking, Blain, Whan and McLean.



In the volume containing an account of the work done to allay the suffering at Grosse Isle, there are many curious particulars. Of 106,000 emigrants in one year, it is said that 6,000 perished on the voyage, 4,000 on their arrival, 5,000 in hospitals and 2,000 in the towns which they reached, altogether 17,300. Others give 20,000. Much was done both in England and America for those in Ireland. Shiploads of food sent, soup kitchens, etc. The Imperial Government paid \$1,000,000 as expenses at Grosse Isle.

A pretty story is told of the number of orphans left and how they were befriended. A priest named Baillergeon, afterwards Bishop of Quebec took one home and made an appeal to his people at church who went in a body and adopted them, 200 in number. They grew up speaking only French, many of them knew not their own names, but are now business men, lawyers, farmers, etc.

A very strange thing is told in the volume mentioned. Although many were very poor, others were not so, but concealed their wealth. One person died in the sheds on pauper allowance, suffering all the miseries of the place and 345 pounds was found on his person. Different cases occurred where 10, 20 or 30 sovereigns were found on the dead, although they had protested their destitution. In 1909, August 13th, a remarkable meeting took place at Grosse Isle, at the unveiling of the Celtic cross erected by the ancient order of Hibernians, to which notabilities from Canada and United States had been invited and from 8000 to 9000 persons were present. Speeches were given by the clergy and the laity, Government officials and business men. French, Irish, Americans mingled their tributes to the dead. Although the story is one of sadness, of wrong, of suffering, it is also one of heroic deeds of clergy and physicians, nurses, nuns who gave their lives in waiting on the sufferers of whom alone on Grosse Isle forty died heroic deaths, while others in Montreal, Kingston, Toronto contracted the fever and succumbed.

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## CLAIMS OF UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS, 1784-1790

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In the two bulky volumes issued by the Ontario Archives 1904, may be found much curious information respecting the losses of the United Empire Loyalists. The British Parliament being urged by the King to treat the Loyalists with "a due and generous attention" appointed in July, 1783, a commission of five members to classify the losses and services. The claims were to be presented by March, 1784, but the time was extended till 1790. The Commissioners sat in London,

England, Halifax, St. John, Quebec and Montreal. As witnesses must be produced it is easy to understand that many from Upper Canada found it difficult to travel so far with the poor travelling facilities of those days so that many familiar names are not found in the lists. By April 1788, the commissioners had examined 1680 claims. Nearly two thirds of these were from New York. By Commissioners in Canada 1401 claims were heard and 834 not heard and nearly \$3,000,000 allowed.

Those able to do so went direct to England or sent their claims with others. Twelve reports in all were issued giving minute particulars of the evidence given. The different steps by which the Archives has been able to print these valuable volumes form rather a curious story and another example of how documents hidden away as it were for years are unearthed. The manuscripts containing the evidence before the two commissioners in Canada were retained by Col. Thomas Dundas at his home in Carron Hall, Stirlingshire. A transcript had been placed in the Public Record Office in London. In 1844 Sir Henry Lefroy who had been sent out to organize a magnetic survey selected Toronto as the site and married a daughter of Sir Jno. Beverley Robinson and after her death a granddaughter of Col. Dundas. In 1860 while staying at Carron Hall he saw the original manuscript and being interested in the Smithsonian Institute of Washington advised that it be sent to that institution but they were afterwards transferred to the Archives of Congress (of course they should be in our own Archives). The Ontario Government granted a large sum to have the record copied, permission having been given, and thus we have the information so long closed to the public. The manuscript being frail has been repaired as far as possible and is much fuller in notes and references than that in London. Claims were lodged to the amount of \$47,000,000 and the total outlay on the part of Britain to the Loyalists in food, clothing, temporary relief, annuities and monetary compensation amounted to not less than \$30,000,000 to 2560 persons.

Some of these claims are given with great fullness, many witnesses confirming the evidence. In other cases the claim is stated in few words. To us the familiar names of Ball, Servos, Secord, Field, Friel, Butler, Clement, Claus, Crysler, Johnson, McMicking, etc. are found. Many whose names are not so familiar give evidence of being at Niagara in 1783 in Butler's Rangers. A few particulars may be given showing the losses, sufferings and indignities of those who remained loyal to the King. To understand this it must be mentioned that those who owned property could not sell it, but all had

to be left, those to whom debts were owing could collect nothing, many were subjected to imprisonment or were slain, their houses burned, some were actually tarred and feathered for their loyalty. By Jay's treaty of 1794 the U. E. Loyalists were to be recompensed by the United States for their loss of property but these conditions were never carried out and Jay was burned in effigy for his part in the treaty when he returned from London to the United States.

It may be well to quote from a few cases.

**Case of Jacob Ball:**

Claimant says he resided at Niagara in the fall of 1783 and all that winter. Resided near Albany, took part with the King, was fined and imprisoned. In 1778 joined Butler's Rangers, had a commission as Lieut. Had 100 acres of land, had built a framed house and barn and potash works, values his property at 700 pounds. Lost 15 horses, 30 cattle, 30 hogs, farming utensils. Claimant's wife was ordered to quit the premises in 1783, he was told to produce certificates of value and of his loyalty.

Claim of **Rebecca Field**, widow of George Field. Her husband came to Niagara in 1778 and joined Col. Butler. Her husband and three sons all served during the war. They could not live at home, they were so persecuted. They had 300 acres of land. Gilbert and Nathan all here, and willing to give their share to their mother. A witness to their loyalty and their losses, says lived on the Susquehanna.

**Deborah Friel**, widow of John Friel. Her husband joined the British troops in 1777 under Sir John Johnson and came to Niagara. Her husband had a lease of land from Sir William Johnson. She was driven from it and everything taken away from her. Produces certificates of loyalty of the late John Friel.

Claim of **Solomon Secord**, late of Pennsylvania. His father, James Secord resided in Niagara in 1783. He joined the British in 1777. The claimant and two brothers served with their father. They had 300 acres on the Susquehanna. John Secord is a witness. They lost home, barn, cattle, horses, furniture. All is to be paid to the claimants.

Claim of **Daniel Servos**. The claimant, his father and brother had declared in favor of the British and were all imprisoned at different times. Went to Niagara in 1779, was Lieutenant in the Indian Department, produces his commission from General Haldimand in 1779. His father, Christopher was killed in 1778 by a party of rebels. His father had 1500 acres on Charlotte river, purchased from Sir. Wm. Johnson in 1770. They had two dwelling houses, two barns, two mills,



a grist mill and saw mill, large house for making potash. Values the farm at 3000 pounds York Cy. They lost 12 horses, 21 head of cattle, 25 sheep, 40 hogs, furniture, utensils, blacksmith and weavers' tools, 3 large kettles, utensils for potash work. Valued at 350 pounds, the lowest. All burned by the rebels. Adam Chester witnesses to full value and loyalty.

Claim of **Adam Crysler**, resides near Niagara, lived at Schohary. Declared from the first in favor of His Majesty. Left home in 1777, produces a sort of journal of his services. Values his house and barn at 1000 pounds, produces deed. Had a grist mill and a share in a saw mill. Lost cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, wheat and farming utensils.

Claim of **Joseph Clement**. Lived on the Mohawk river. Joined the British in 1777. Served in the Indian Department as Lieut., now lives near Niagara. The farm consisted of 300 acres, produces deed of Joseph Clement, his grandfather of 850 acres. His mother and brothers, John and James are now living at Niagara. There were three houses and an orchard. The farm has been sold and a negro had been taken from his mother. Two negroes came with them. A witness attests their loyalty.

Claim of **John Claus**. Had 200 acres. Joined the British in 1777. His house and land has been sold. Lost his horses, cows, furniture, utensils. In some cases there are remarks in small print in the margin as "a very good man," "a good family," "to be allowed improvements," "too high," "a fair man," "seems a good man," "evidence deficient at present," showing both sympathy and carefulness in taking the evidence.

JANET CARNOCHAN.

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## INSCRIPTIONS AND GRAVES

In No. 19 "Inscriptions and Graves in Niagara Peninsula" reference is made to about seventy graveyards. Attempts have since been made to obtain inscriptions in several family graveyards, but not always with success. However, from the Hostetter or Cooke burying ground the Ten Broeck and the May Family plots inscriptions have been obtained. The last named plot gave rise to a curious law suit in 1904-5.

The Hostetter or Cooke burying-ground on the old Muir farm now included in the new site of Port Weller. The plot is about 50 by 50 ft.:

"In memory of Herman Hostetter, who departed this life Dec. 10th, 1812, aged 59 years and 4 months:

Remember men as you pass by,  
 As you are now, so once was I;  
 As I am now, so you must be,  
 Prepare for Death and follow me."

Some of the Hostetters went through the war of 1812. Herman died of wounds received at Queenston Heights.

"Anne, wife of Herman Hostetter, died Jan. 3rd, 1851, aged 94 years."

"In memory of Jacob Hostetter, died Aug. 29th, 1854, aged 60 years."

"Margaret, wife of Angus Cooke, Jr., died July 9th, 1851, aged 25 years."

Alas, for Earth, if this were all."

"Thomas Miller, died May 1st, 1873, aged 34 years

A faithful friend, a husband dear,  
 A tender parent lieth here;  
 Great is the loss we here sustain,  
 And hope in Heaven to meet again.

"'Johnny' born Jan. 28th, 1870, died Dec. 6th, 1873:

"Too good for Earth, God called him Home."

Besides the above there are five or six unknown graves. Up to five or six years ago there was a neat picket fence, but this is now down and cows pasture in and around the sacred spot. There are about twelve graves in all. There is an old veteran buried here, Angus Cooke, Sr., who was a Qr. Master in the 71st Highland Regt. and was all through the Peninsular War, being present at Vittoria, the siege of Badajoz and was also present at the Battle of Waterloo. Miss Susan Cooke still has his medals and an old French musket that was picked up on the field of Waterloo. It is too bad that no stone marks the grave of this old British soldier. His son was Angus the second and grandson Angus 3rd all gone.

### **Ten Broeck**

The Ten Broeck burial ground is on the bank of the old Welland Canal on lands granted 24th Aug., 1796 "Erected to the memory of Capt. Peter Ten Broeck." No date is on the stone His son

"Jacob Ten Broeck, died Feb. 11th, 1830, aged 68 years, 1 month and 11 days.

"Priscilla, wife of Jacob Ten Broeck, died Sept. 18th, 1849, aged 72 years, 10 days."

"Nancy, wife of John R. Ten Broeck, died Oct. 29th, 1846, aged 38 years, 7 months."

"Sacred to the memory of Jacob Wessel, the affectionate son of John Rand, Nancy Ten Broeck, who died Dec. 11th, 1851, aged 19 years, 9 months, 11 days:

Not my will, but Thine be done; Luke 22:42."

### May Family Burying Ground

"In memory of Wm. May, a native of Germany, while living in the State of New York, near Albany, he joined Butler's Rangers, had his property confiscated, came to Canada as a United Empire Loyalist in 1783, died April 1827, at an extreme old age."

"Sacred to the memory of Peter, son of Wm. May, born May 20th, 1765, near Albany, New York, and as a U.E.L. came to Canada in 1783, died June 7th, 1827:

Erected by George May, 1890."

On a small rough stone grave marker was this inscription:  
"John Pawling, 1834."

Copied from notes of law-suit re the May family burying ground in 1904-5:

"In Court of Appeal between Andrew May, Eliza, Julia, Anne M. Dwyer, Elizabeth Woodall and Martha Coons, Plaintiffs, and Berkeley Belson, Appellant. Care of family graveyard where land was sold and the monument was taken down, the hedge destroyed and a barn built on the quarter acre which was reserved in the deed given.

Decision was given in favor of the Plaintiff. The case was appealed and the decision was affirmed. \$20 damages and to pay the costs, take down the barn and restore the monument. A new monument had been erected in 1900. A right-of-way was also given for entrance and egress.

The preceding inscriptions were kindly given by Messrs. F. R. Parnell and E. W. Dwyer, St. Catharines members of our Society.

Although the following inscriptions are not in the Niagara District, they are all of the earliest settlers and are remarkable either for phraseology or peculiar circumstances, all being more elaborate in giving details than inscriptions of the present time.

"Died at Glengarry, in the 79th year of his age, Allan McDonald, a native of Inverness-Shire; interred in St. Raphael. He was the last survivor of 300 Highland emigrants whom he headed, sailed from Greenock in 1784 for Quebec; after a passage of seventeen weeks they were driven by stress of weather into Philadelphia. Though urged to stay, his influence prevailed so that not one remained behind or departed



from allegiance to Britain. After great privations and expenses they settled in Glengarry. He was thirty years Commissioner of the Peace."

The Rev. John Bethune, who had been a Chaplain in the 84th Highlanders in North Carolina, suffered imprisonment in the Revolutionary War, as a Loyalist, came to Glengarry in 1787, settled at Williamstown and ministered at Lancaster, Cornwall, Martintown. In the Williamstown Cemetery is a monument with this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Jno. Bethune, pastor of the Congregation of the Kirk of Scotland, in Glengarry. He departed this life on the 23rd September, 1815, at Williamstown in the 66th year of his age, and the 44th of his ministry."

That he was a faithful steward, the peace and happiness of his flock are the most certain proof.

That he was eminently endeared by those conciliating qualities which united society in the closest bonds of unanimity and friendship his numerous congregation who shed the tribute of unfeigned sorrow over his grave have borne the most honorable testimony.

That he was open, generous and sincere, those who participated in his friendship can afford the most satisfactory evidence.

That he was a kind and affectionate husband, a tender and indulgent parent, the love and unanimity of his numerous family furnish the most undeniable proof.

This monument is erected as a mark of filial affection, to his memory, by his six sons, Angus, Norman, John, James, Alexander, Donald."

Two of his sons joined the Anglican Church and rose to distinction in that body; John, the third son, became Dean of Montreal and Alexander became Bishop of Toronto in succession to Dr. Strachan, whose pupils they had been in Cornwall.

A large tombstone in St. Andrew's cemetery, Scarboro, tells the story of the first white settler there David Thomson and his wife, Mary Glendenning, who came to Niagara in 1795, from Scotland, and on the removal of the capital to York removed there and then to a farm at Scarboro, built a log house and endured all the hardships of life in a wilderness, known to everybody as the "Mother of Scarboro," an honorable title.

"In memory of Mary Thomson, the *Mother of Scarboro*, who died 8th Nov., 1847, aged 80 years."

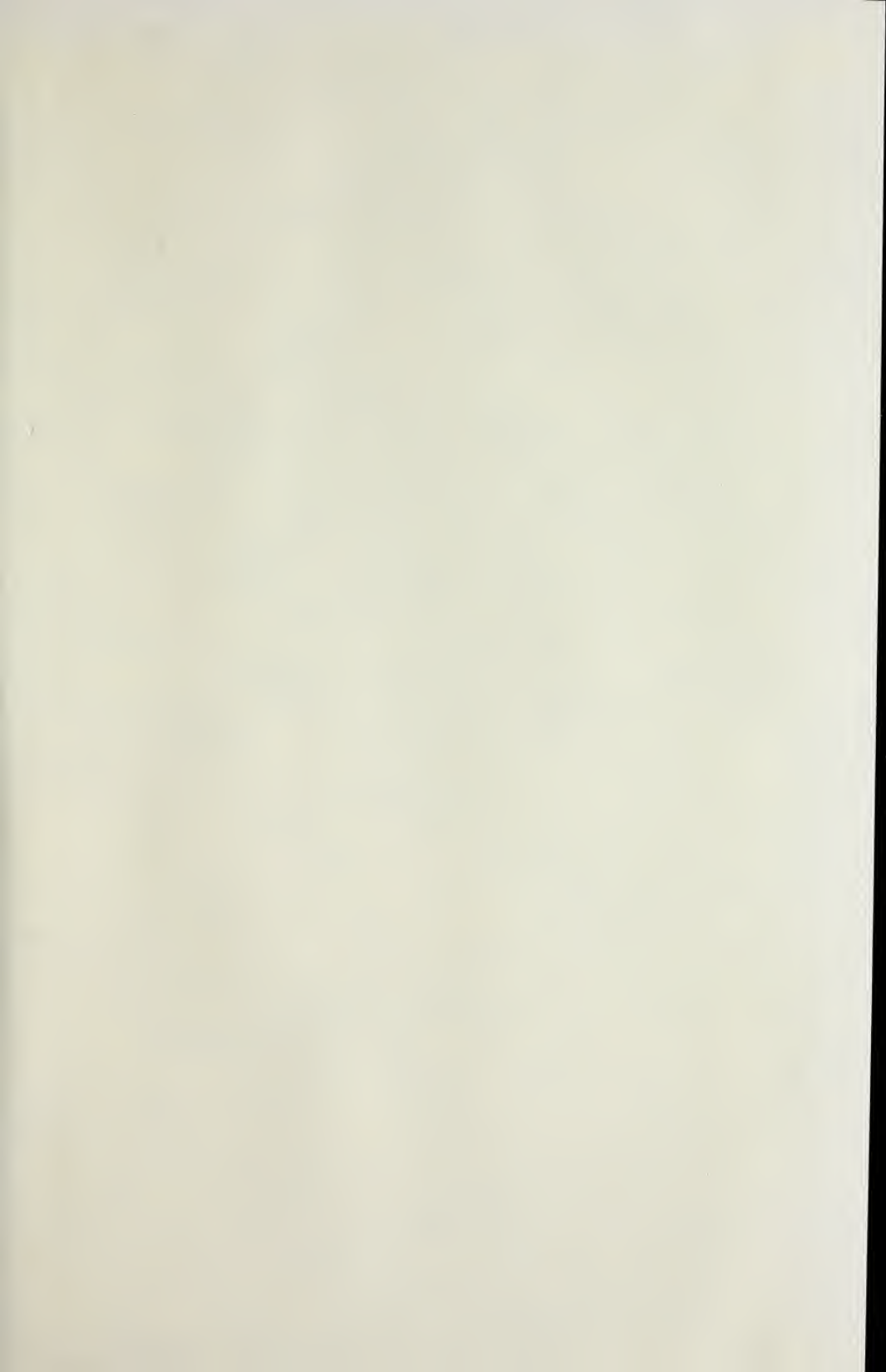
Here her remains repose side by side with those of her husband, *David Thomson*, whose gravestone tells the land of

their nativity and when they settled in Scarboro, which was then a wilderness. On the opposite bank of the passing rivulet a little above this burial ground, they built their lonely cottage, and there they contended successfully against the hardships of a forest life; and there she passed the first seven months after their settlement without seeing a woman, and the first was an *Indian*. As her husband, she lived and died respected, leaving behind her above 100 Descendants."

The Thomsons shewed their loyalty in fighting at Detroit and Queenston. In a petition regarding the honour of the York Militia, there are the names of ten Thomsons, and many traditions are treasured by their descendants to the present day, relating to General Brock and the incidents of the war."

J. C.









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